

CAN SHE DO WORK?

A Woman Organizes a Working Force for Fielding

TOO LOVELY FOR ANYTHING

But, Bless You, It Can't Do Any Work Without Soiling Its Clothes—Sorry Trade Prospects Ahead.

When my Uncle Billy passed to his last home on the second day of the January term, he left to me a small business, the management of which he had thoughtfully left to me. He had left me a small business, the management of which he had thoughtfully left to me. He had left me a small business, the management of which he had thoughtfully left to me.

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"Will you come in just a moment?" said I to her. "I have five minutes of leisure, and I want to talk to you."

The typewriter girl did not answer me directly. Instead, she cast a glance at another typewriter girl who was making a little call. This glance said as plainly as words: "He's always like that. He ought to be in an asylum."

Then the other typewriter girl smiled at me, as if she thought that her friend might be out of a job pretty soon. Then Emma opened a little drawer in the side of her table and took out a small hand mirror which she set on the table in such a way that she could see to change the arrangement of her hair.

"Do you think it looks better that way?" she asked, and when her friend replied that she really and truly did, Emma very wisely changed it back again. It is a wonderful, old sight to see a woman's trustful confidence un-

dermined by a business transaction. Then Emma took a little brown oval of a small quantity of dust from her apron. At this point, my five minutes and several others having run their course, Emma went to keep an appointment. On returning, Emma was ready to talk, but this time, as there was nothing to talk about but the furniture, she was ready to talk to me.

"Miss Alice," said I, "how would you like to be manager of my late Uncle Billy's little business? I will continue your present salary."

"She was thoughtful for a minute, and then she said: 'Oh, by the way, we need \$100 for stamps.'"

I produced the coin with an effort. "I shall have a share of all those stamps," she asked presently.

"We employ ten men and a boy down stairs," said I, "and their lives will be absolutely at your mercy."

"Well, I'll do it," she said. "I'll take the place just as soon as I finish those letters you dictated day before yesterday."

"Very well, we will say next Monday, then," said I, and she agreed.

He's perfectly dreadful, and even, the picture is so rough. He swears at the boy; I heard him do it. He said the boy was becoming a wall, a very bad and wicked sort of a lunatic."

"What was the boy doing?" I inquired.

"He was doing nothing at all except fixing his necktie. The poor boy had been wearing the dreadful unbecoming necktie I ever saw, so I gave him one of the new kind; they're the very latest. Well, the boy took it to the glass and was trying to tie it. I heard a lot of bad words, but at first I thought it was only the boy, and they say those neckties are dreadful till you get used to them."

Then Jones came along and laughed at the boy, who had awful cramps in his arms from holding them up in the air so long. But when his arms got better he tried the necktie again, and then Jones called him that kind of a lunatic. I'm going to discharge Jones at the end of the week."

I advised Emma not to act hastily, but to wait till she got better acquainted with the men. She admitted that she hadn't made up her mind about some of them, but as for that man McCarthy, there was no use talking to her about him. A man who could wear such horrible checkered pants and a green ribbon for a necktie, was not right in his mind. She was sure there were plenty of much nicer men who were out of a job.

It seemed probable to me that Emma would relent, so I said very little to her. In any case, as I intended to hold her responsible for the management of the business, it was not fair to interfere with her. She had full swing, and I did not visit the place until yesterday.

If the shade of my late Uncle Billy chanced to be invisibly present at that occasion, the spectacle must have done much to stone with mirth for any discomforts to which he may be subjected elsewhere.

The figure was recognized. Mr. Milroy, the new foreman, received me pleasantly. He said: "It's nice weather we're having, but a trifle soft under foot." Then he glanced down at my shoes. I had not had a shoe that morning, but it wasn't any of his business. Mr. Milroy affected me as his predecessor had affected Emma; he made me nervous. But I couldn't believe that he had a desire to offend, for the glossy polish of his trousers shone like maple syrup on a griddle cake. I learned from Emma that Mr. Milroy was formerly head salesman in a shoe store, and that he could put a No. 2 shoe on a No. 4 foot by the mere charm of his conversation as pleasantly as I could do it with chocolate.

The new assistant is the glass of fashion. He was formerly a clerk in a drug store in Cambridge, Mass., and

passed as a Harvard student when he went to the seashore for his two weeks' vacation. McCarthy's checkered pants have stepped out, and will never be stepped in again. McCarthy's place is usurped by a young gentleman who stops at a tailor's shop every night on his way home and has his nether garments creased fore and aft, while he shivers behind a curtain. Every man wears the crease, a la Caspary, and the office boy, whose most conspicuous point was formerly a shingle nail and a suspender, now looks too lovely for anything, but he is the most uncomfortable youth this side of Fifth avenue. He is the only one who has retained his job. He was "young enough to be reformed," said Emma.

If we can induce one of my late uncle's customers to come to the factory, and if he does not fall down on the door mat when Mr. Milroy bows to him, we ought to sell him goods in a way that will stick in his memory as sweetly and firmly as a piece of old-fashioned molasses candy in a boy's pocket, but I'm afraid we shall not have anything to sell. I'm very sorry Mr. Emma doesn't, but I can't do anything about it. I can't give the business the benefit of my personal superintendence, because I don't dress well enough to go near it.

In a Quiver Prejudice.

A Maine paper tells of the queer predicament in which a childless man is. He owns fifty acres of land in the suburbs of Biddeford which his grandmother left him, but he can't find it. The boundary lines haven't been run for generations. There is some record of the original grant at Biddeford, but not enough to enable him to find out just what he owns. He has had a surveyor at work trying to run the lines, but each time he has encroached on land to which others have clear titles. Now the property is advertised for taxes and a possible solution has presented itself to the owner. He says he is going to let the city sell the land for taxes, bid it in himself, and let the city find it for him. The city, he argues, can't sell anything it can't deliver, and can't deliver anything it can't find.

And there there's Barnie, who insists Emma," she continued. "If we're going to have that man around I shall have to hire twelve women to sweep after him. Why, this morning he was sweeping a plank in two and I asked him to please not let the sidewalk fall all over the floor. I noticed a lot of it after he'd been at work the day before. Well, he told me that if I could find a man who could sweep without making a mess of it better give him the job. And he chattered between two

of them. Then Jones came along and laughed at the boy, who had awful cramps in his arms from holding them up in the air so long. But when his arms got better he tried the necktie again, and then Jones called him that kind of a lunatic. I'm going to discharge Jones at the end of the week."

THEY HAVE A 4TH

The Norwegians Celebrate the 17th of May with Vim

WHAT IT MEANS IN HISTORY

A Procession of More Than 10,000 School Children—An Independence Day Without Firecrackers.

The 17th of May in Norway's Fourth of July. On that day the people give themselves up to patriotic festivities, and the small boy literally owns the country. It is the day upon which seventy-eight years ago Norway proclaimed her independence by promulgating a constitution founded upon the principle of popular sovereignty.

The most impressive and most beautiful feature of the exercises of the 17th of May celebration is without comparison the school children's procession, which occupies the greater part of the forenoon. In the larger cities, especially in Christiania, on a day bright and clear, with the air filled with the soft, tender sunlight of spring, it is a sight never to be forgotten. The houses lining the marching route are all decorated with flags and bunting. The sidewalks are thronged with onlookers wearing the national colors and cheering the "nation of little folks," as the column passes along the streets, and the gentle spring breezes waft patriotic airs into every nook and corner. Each school forms a brigade, with the tallest boys in front and the smallest bringing up the rear, struggling to keep step as best they can. The champion of the school carries the school banner, and each boy a flag as large as his strength will allow.

On a bright day 10,000 or more boys are in line, and more buoyant army was never seen. Inspired by the patriotic airs performed by the various bands in the column, they march and keep step like veterans, these little fellows, responding to the

cheer of the multitude by moving their flags and sending forth rolling waves of hurrahs. They are the lions of the hour and they know it. Their cheeks glow and their eyes reflect the enthusiasm filling their young hearts. If they have political opinions of their own, and a great many boys have, this is the occasion upon which they can testify to their convictions without fear of rebuke from parents or teachers. On rounding the king's castle the grammar schools seldom fail to show their good breeding by courteous cheers for the king. On reaching the building of the national parliament (the storting) continuous and enthusiastic cheers, hurrahs and a bewildering waving of flags greet the representatives of the people from the generation for whom they are building and who will take up their work where they shall lay it down.

Looking at the procession of school-boys marching under a perfect canopy of national colors, every boy a little enthusiastic, proud patriot conscious of his own importance, the column filling the streets for miles and miles, one cannot but be impressed with the unique, almost solemn beauty of the scene. To the schoolboys their participation in the exercises of the day is a baptism in patriotism which makes a lasting impression upon their youthful hearts. It lures away all distinctions of class, social rank or wealth, and unites their hearts in the noble, elevating passion of love of country, and appeals to their budding sense of dutiful patriotism in a manner that they can understand.

In recent years the celebration of the seventeenth of May has become quite general among the Norwegian citizens

of the United States. In most cities and settlements where Norwegians are found in numbers, "Mother Norway's" day of honor is fittingly observed. There is not, however, any trace of clannishness in a seventeenth of May celebration on American soil. In observing the holiday of Norway a Norse-American only pays tribute to the same principles that are embodied in the organic laws of his adopted land and state. The near kinship of Norse and American liberty is always emphasized on these occasions. As a matter of fact, an observance by Norse-Americans is a Fourth of July without firecrackers.

The transformation of Norway's political status was so unexpected and sudden that the "work of Elidivold" appeared to the contemporaneous generation in the halo of a miracle wrought by a special intervention of Providence. And the lapse of eighty years has detracted nothing from its glamour. It still stands forth as one of the sublime inspirations of the century. Armed only with her self-given charter of liberty, Norway leaped a Pallas Athena among the nations of Europe, into the

arena of independent states, and by her courage and determination won Europe's recognition of her rights.

Napoleon's defeat at Leipzig left his ally, Denmark-Norway (then united), at the mercy of the victors. It was decreed by the powers that Norway should be given to Sweden, and the Danish king was forced to sign a treaty

to that effect. The Norwegians rose to a man against this outrage on their rights. Although the national finances were in the greatest disorder, the currency devalued, the country suffering from a recent famine, and the means of defense shattered and destroyed, the people, inspired by an almost supernatural heroism, determined to defy the dictum of Europe. A constituent assembly was convoked, and in an incredibly short time a constitution was framed and promulgated. When their work was completed the members of the assembly, many of whom were plain farmers, formed a "circle of brotherhood" in front of their humble hall of liberty, invoked the blessings of the Almighty, and, like the peasants of Switzerland a hundred years before, solemnly swore to stand united and true to the last in support of their charter of freedom. A few months later Norway entered into a union with Sweden, preserving her national independence and retaining the constitution of Elidivold as her organic law.

This constitution is still the organic charter of Norway. It is the oldest written constitution in force in Europe. Bluntshill has characterized it as one of the most remarkable constitutions ever framed. Experience has shown it to be admirably adapted to its purpose, securing to the people a stable, just and free government. Of all European constitutions that were upshots of the great upheaval in France that of Norway was the only one destined to live. The murky wave of oppressive reaction that swept over Europe after the fall of Napoleon broke against the rocks of Norway. The spark that lit among the Norse mountains continued to burn with a steady flame of increasing brightness. The constitution of Norway alone was saved out of the general

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wreck of liberty, to remain as a visible sign that freedom would again return to break the fetters of the enslaved millions.

Bernadotte had accepted the constitution of Elidivold, expecting to overthrow it. Sweden had accepted the union, expecting to reduce Norway to the status of a province. For seventy long years the Norwegians were compelled to be forever on their guard against their own king and their ally. The struggle has been incessant and at times pregnant with grave danger; but it has been a chain of victories for the Norwegians. If their constitution did not cost a drop of blood, it has taken the patriotic vigilance of two generations to place it beyond danger. In the last attack, marked by the constitutional crisis eight years ago, the country was believed to be on the verge of civil war. The king was placed in a position where he had no other choice than to resort to force or unequivocal surrender to the will of the people. He believed in the justice of his own cause, and indignations to use force were not wanting. For days he brooded over the portentous choice, and through the gauzy veil of a Norse summer night his tall figure, draped only in a white night robe, could be seen pacing slowly back and forth on the roof of his castle in Christiania. Talking council of the still starlit night he concluded to surrender. The present controversy between Norway and Sweden concerning the management of their foreign affairs is a serious and grave problem and difficult of a satisfactory solution. But it is of a different character. The outcome may be that the two countries will agree to dissolve partnership; but they will remain friends. In that case the house of Bernadotte will lose one of its crowns, and Norway will join the sisterhood of republics.

The Courtesy.

Robert Browning was not only a poet but a true gentleman. To him, a man was "a man" whether he was served by many people or the servant of others. Temple Bar tells a charming anecdote of his simple courtesy. On one occasion his son had hired a room in a neighboring house, in order to exhibit his pictures there, and during the temporary absence of the artist, Mr. Browning was doing the honors to a crowd of fashionable friends. He was standing near the door when an unannounced visitor made her appearance, and, of course, he shook hands with her, greeting her as he had the other arrivals. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, "but please, sir, I'm the cook. Mr. Barrett asked me to come and see his pictures."

"And I am very glad to see you," returned Mr. Browning, with ready courtesy. "Take my arm, and I will show you round."

European Railways.

Germany possesses 34,843 miles of railways; France, 21,306; Great Britain and Ireland, 19,811; Russia, 17,925; and Austria 15,442 miles.

FIGHT TO THE END

All is Ready for One of the Greatest Races Ever Run

HOW BERGEN RIDES A HORSE

The Brooklyn Handicap—Some of the Famous Winners of Past Seasons. Jockey Murphy Up.

Who will win the Brooklyn Handicap this year, the race which means \$15,000 to the owner of the best animal? Hundreds of thousands have been asking the question for months, and millions are to-day eagerly awaiting the announcement of the result, for the interest in this race is not confined

to America. In England, in Australia, in Hong Kong, in Burma, wherever the admirer of the race horse is located, the 16th of May is looked forward to with an interest that amounts almost to feverish anxiety. In the vast throng at the Gravesend track there will be representatives from Canada and California, from Maine and Texas, from England and France; banker and publican will rub elbows on an equality, and for a few exciting hours the rich will forget that they are not poor and the poor will forget their poverty.

Will it be a race like the first in 1886, the initial contest for the Brooklyn

handicap? Then as now the distance was a mile and a quarter; then, as will be the case to-morrow, every available seat and bit of standing room within the gates were occupied; and who can forget that famous struggle at the finish between Dry Monopoly, Blue Wing and Hildalgo? It was heads apart at the mile, it was heads apart in the stretch, heads apart at the finish. Seventeen horses made the pace, and Andy McCarthy, who piloted the famous winner to victory, was carried on the arm of his admirers through the paddock. In 1886 it was The Bard who won the handicap,

LONGSTREET—THE FAVORITE. (By the courtesy of Richardson Andrus, exclusive race course photographer.)

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be commensurate with its growing importance, for \$15,000 will be divided between the three horses, the winner getting \$10,000, the second and third horses \$5,000 and \$2,000, respectively.

I had a chat with Martin Bergen, perhaps as famous a jockey to-day as Murphy, McLaughlin or Garretson. It was he who landed Salvator a winner

in the greatest race ever run by the animal, and many an event has been won by the judgment he displayed in the few seconds during which a jockey's body and mind are called into the tensest action.

"I watch my own horse first," said he, "then the track and then the other horses. The good jockey, in my opinion, must have his mind on his own horse and on the track first of all. He must see and grasp every opportunity for a more favorable position and he must save ground wherever he can. Every fraction of a second counts and a wrong move means a loss. I always make it a point to guide the animal I am on so that there is practically no loss of time by reason of unnecessary ground covered. Then, too, the position of a jockey on a horse has a good deal to do with it. He must know his animal. He must be sure to have in his mind just those points in the horse which are liable to arouse irritableness. He must give a horse his own way if he is any kind of

an animal. The grunting horse on a strongly, however, thoroughbred, and the horse must understand the jockey. When I say that the position of a jockey on a horse has a good deal to do with it, I mean that it is the jockey's body which can be moved continually so as to enthrone the horse into greater speed. Many a jockey has made a good horse lose track of the heaviest kind of an impost."

A SOLEMN OCCUPATION.

The Melancholy Lot of a Professional Humorist.

The task of a man who is compelled to get up a certain amount of printed humor daily is more laborious than that of a body-carrier. It is something like it, too. He just carries stuff to the level of the average comprehension, and, having deposited it before the person to get the benefit of it, goes after more.

How does the humorist work? Well, it depends largely upon his temperament and greater or less fitness for his specialty. Some men, although they have fair ability in some lines of writing, are slow to originate a humorous idea, notwithstanding that they can appreciate it in others. To such the writing of a humorous paragraph or article is something to be dreaded.

It would be a violation of newspaper ethics for a professional writer to decline to get up an article on any subject or from any standpoint. Often a theme, and told to treat it humorously, the most adept member of a newspaper staff will attack it without hesitation, and in his own time will do the work well—perhaps as well as the man whose specialty is humor.

But, ah! the labor of the sedate man! How each queer simile, every epigrammatic sentence and every odd expression will wring his soul and make his brain throb.

Fun! Tell him that he ought to enjoy his own fun, and he will probably brain you with the office poker. Ask the regular paragraph writer whether he enjoys his work, and he will think you an idiot. He does it because it is his work, but the terrible waste he has with the English language every day to evolve those atrocious witticisms of his no one knows but himself.—Yankee Blade.

Simple Remedy for Dyspepsia.

One teaspoonful of flaxseed taken just before each meal and at bedtime, and a half-teaspoonful of celery-seed taken after each meal and at bedtime. The flaxseed should be rubbed in a dry cloth to free them from dust. They may be swallowed whole, with enough water sprinkled over them to dampen, or chewed before swallowing; the latter is preferable; in any case they are rich, nutty flavor, the taste is not unpleasant. They may be taken an hour or two or immediately before meals, and just before retiring. Any time after meals take the celery-seed, either chewing or swallowing whole, and a few minutes after the flaxseed at night. For thin persons, an excellent addition is a tablespoonful of pure glycerine taken three times a day, after or with the celery-seed. This is flesh-producing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

An Ingenious Scot.

A Scotchman one evening recently set looking at some mice. An idea struck him. He decided to set the little thieves spinning yarn, and it was probably a very accomplished pair of mice that found themselves a few days later working a small treadmill in a cage like those in which rats and other small animals are kept, but without the slightest idea that they were paying their board in this way. An ordinary mouse can twist over a hundred threads on reels every day, although to do this he has to run ten and a half miles.

SURE OF A WELCOME

Preparing for the National Republican Convention

RIVAL SISTER CITIES VYING

In Elaborate Arrangements to Give Delegates and Visitors a Good Time. Places Worth Looking At.

Minneapolis and St. Paul have determined that when the Republican national convention meets in the former city next June they will outdo in the magnificence of their hospitality any previous efforts. At least 50,000 strangers are expected, and yet the Twin Cities assert that there will be ample and comfortable accommodations for all. The cities are so close together, and there are so many means of rapid transportation between the two places that St. Paul will be just as available as a stopping place as Minneapolis. The principal hotels are magnificent hostleries, capable of accommodating thousands without undue crowding.

Many of the distinguished delegates will be entertained by the wealthy residents of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Fine quarters—the best, it is said by Secretary J. Eliot Fassett, of the national committee, ever provided on a similar occasion—have been set apart near the convention hall for the out of town correspondents, and the local press. While the hotels, large and small, will naturally be crowded to their utmost capacity, they have prepared for the coming event so elaborately that it is not likely that any one will be much ahead on the convention. In short, the people of Minneapolis and St. Paul seem desirous of showing outsiders how bus-

pitably and elegantly they can entertain. The capacity of the exposition building, in which the convention will be held, has been variously estimated at from 12,000 to 15,000. It is said that ample provision has been made there for the telegraphers, of whom it is expected there will be more than 100.

There are many points of interest near Minneapolis, notable among them being the state park, within the borders of which are the Soldiers' home and the beautiful Minnehaha falls, which would have become celebrated even if Longfellow had never written "Hiawatha." A short distance from Minnehaha stands grim Fort Snelling, the oldest fort in the northwest. Just outside of Minneapolis lies the far famed resort so much affected by southerners, Lake Minnetonka. It is unquestionably one of the most beautiful lakes in the United States and is surrounded by fine summer hotels and cottages for visitors. Other near by lake resorts are numerous. This is, indeed, a region of lakes.

The matter of transportation for the large crowd which will attend the convention is an important one, and this

work will devolve upon Mr. Thomas Lowry, the controlling spirit in the electric car system of Minneapolis. Mr. Lowry is a public spirited citizen, who started life as a struggling lawyer, and by industry and faith in the future of his city has amassed a large fortune.

Another prominent figure at the convention will undoubtedly be Hon. William B. Merriam, governor of Minnesota, who will, in a measure, stand as the exponent of the hospitality of his state. Mr. Merriam, outside of his official position, has a keen interest in the convention, as he is a wealthy banker and an ardent Republican.

Fifty as German Shipwreck.

The history of the German empire is being fully told by its founders. After Von Moltke's stirring pages of contemporary annals in his correspondence another chapter is to be added by the letters and reminiscences of the staunch old war minister, Von Roon, which will be published in Berlin at an early day.

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